

WALT DISNEY'S

MAGAZINE

formerly Walt Disney's

Mickey Mouse Club Magazine

VOL. II NO. 6

50¢



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POLO SHIRT



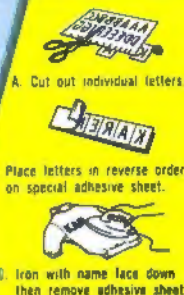
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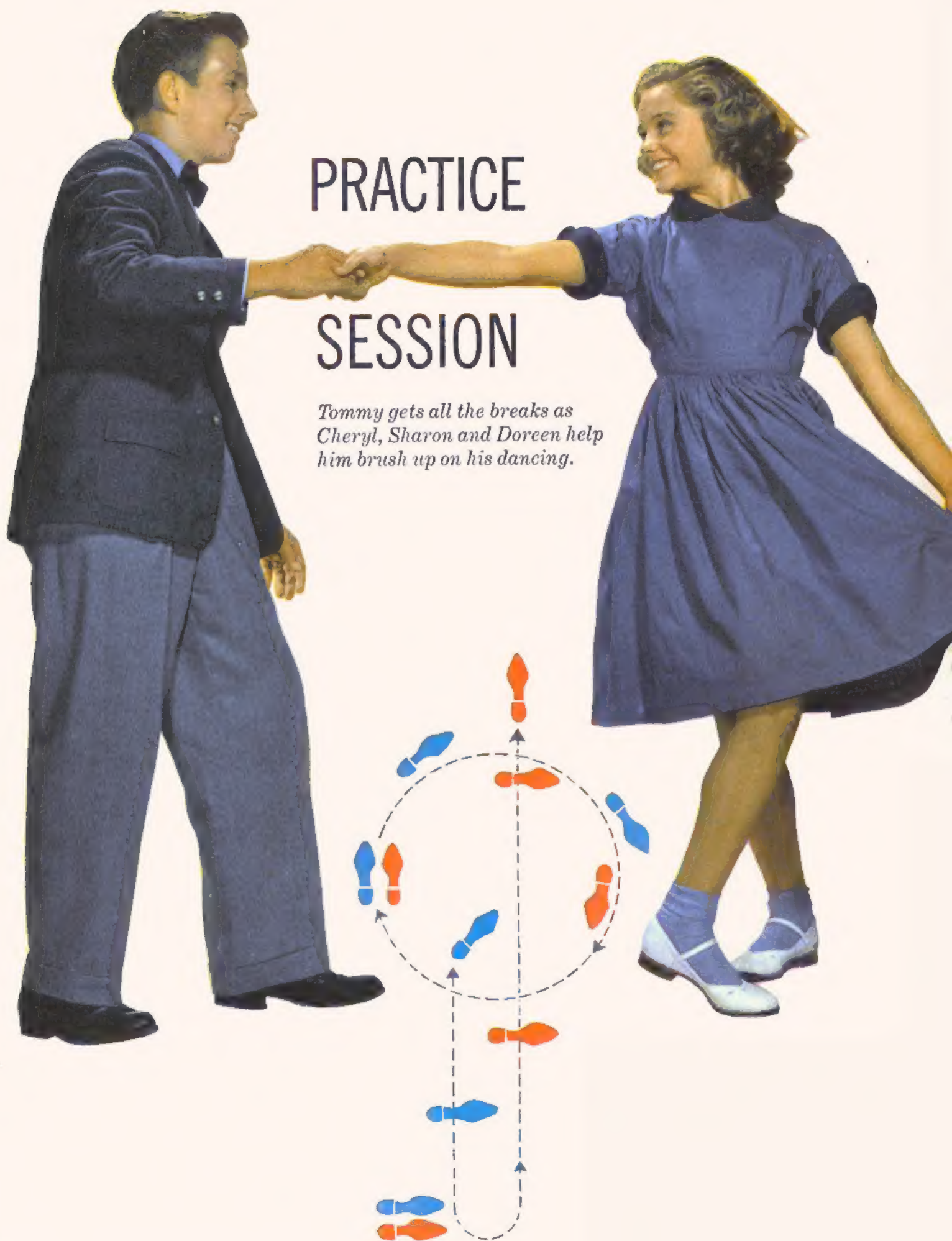


Bobby Burgess tends the record player while Tommy Cole and Cheryl Holdridge try a dance routine. The color photograph on our cover, and the pictures on pages 4 and 5, are by Roger Davidson.

Color photographs for Strange Birds in the Forest, pages 32 and 33, are by Don McPherson; for Legend of the Lemmings, pages 40 and 41, the color photographs were taken by Hugh A. Wilmar and James R. Simon.

PRACTICE SESSION

*Tommy gets all the breaks as
Cheryl, Sharon and Doreen help
him brush up on his dancing.*



When Tommy Cole first tried out for the Mouseketeers, he could sing like a lark and he was a whiz on the accor-dian, but he'd never done any dancing. It was decided to send Tommy to dancing school for a week to see if he had possibilities as a dancer. "I must have done all right," says Tommy, "because I started as a Mouseketeer the following week."

Tommy has been studying dancing ever since. "It's a real fun thing to do," he says. "For me, it isn't quite as much fun as singing, but I get a kick out of being able to get up and do something with my feet. Lots of times when we're not working we'll all get together and fool around, working out steps and just having a good time."

In these photos of an impromptu dance session, Bobby Burgess tends the record player while Cheryl (opposite page and right), Sharon (bottom, left) and Doreen (bottom, right) help Tommy polish up his technique.



2



3



1



4



Introducing the four talented
new Mouseketeers who will be
seen on television this year.

1 LINDA HUGHES

Quiet, charming, versatile — these are words which aptly describe Linda Hughes, age 11, one of the four new Mouseketeers appearing on TV this fall. Linda, who has great talent as a dancer, specializing in tap and toe dancing, also loves to sing light, bouncy songs. But most of all she enjoys twirling a baton—something in which she has become very skilled. This she began when she started performing with Marine Corps and Navy bands greeting the arrival of returning servicemen at San Diego. In 1955 and 1956 alone she appeared in approximately 100 USO shows. A charmer with long brown tresses, Linda now lives in North Hollywood with her parents and her brother, Douglas. She is in the sixth grade. She loves animals and has five pets: two dachshunds, "Katrinka" and "Shoulders"; a cat named "Scarlet"; a turtle, "Pimiento"; and a parakeet, appropriately named "Noisy Norbert."

3 BONNIE FIELDS

Bonnie Fields is a statuesque bundle of singing and dancing talent who joined the Mouseketeers this fall. Born in Walterboro, South Carolina, Bonnie, who is 13, loves square dancing but specializes in tap and ballet. She also can do interpretive oriental and South American dances. She is an ash blonde with hazel eyes, and has a fine coloratura soprano voice. She has appeared on TV and in small group entertainment for service clubs and civic organizations. Her first professional engagement was with the New York Ballet Company presentation of the *Nutcracker Suite* in the Greek Theater in Los Angeles. Her great ambition is to become a prima ballerina or a musical comedy star. Her home life, in Granada Hills, California, centers around dancing, music and her hobbies — cooking, making imitation flowers, and swimming — and her pet French poodle, who is named "Doc."

2 DON AGRATI

Don Agrati, age 13, who joined the Mouseketeers this fall, is a specialist in tap and modern ballet dancing. He also is a fine musician and plays the accordion, ukulele, ocarina, harmonica, clarinet, trumpet, the drums, and, by ear, the piano. He has performed before many civic and fraternal organizations. It was while residing in Lafayette, a San Francisco Bay area city, that he had his own juvenile eight-piece orchestra called "The Junior Sharps," for which he composed and arranged the music. Don has two younger sisters, Marilou and Lani. The entire family is musically inclined and all love to sing. Even when riding in the family car, a ukulele is taken along as accompaniment for community singing. Don is a near straight-A student in school. He enjoys athletics and has an ambition to master the trampoline. Like other Mouseketeers he loves pets and has a collie dog named "Lassie."

4 LYNN READY

When only three years old, Lynn Ready possessed a singing repertoire of over one hundred songs. At that youthful age he made his debut as an entertainer, singing on Fort Worth and Dallas, Texas, television and radio stations. His biggest break came when he was chosen this year at the age of 12 (he's 13 this coming December) to become one of the Mouseketeers. Lynn's winning smile accompanies him whether he's dancing the buck, soft shoe, Latin American or eccentric steps, or just being himself — a natural, fun-loving boy. His first professional job was on the Curt Massey show last February. In addition to his other talents, he plays the steel guitar and piano. Lynn loves sports, particularly baseball. He lives with his parents and his brother Jack in Canoga Park, California. He is very fond of his two pets—a cocker spaniel named "Sandy" and his parakeet, "Tweety Pie."

NEW FACES ON TV



HORSES
FOR
SALE



When Carl Patrick O'Brien—Cubby for short—was a baby, he liked to beat on things with a spoon. This didn't bother anybody in the musical, rhythm-loving O'Brien family. They felt that Cubby was simply getting in the act.

Cubby's father is Hack O'Brien, a top drummer who has played with such bandleaders as Horace Heidt, Jan Savitt and Frankie Carle. He teaches drums and of course taught Cubby who, for his size, is one of the best drummers in the country. Cubby has two brothers, both older than he. Warren is a drummer, and Hack Jr., the oldest brother, plays the trumpet.

Cubby started really playing drums before he was five. He joined the Roger Babcock Dixieland Band, composed of boys from the Carl Babcock Music School in Sherman Oaks, California, where his father teaches. The band, with Cubby pounding out the rhythm, played at many benefits and rallies and appeared several times on the Spade Cooley television show.

Late in 1954 Cubby was a winner in a "Grease Paint Derby" then sponsored by a Los Angeles newspaper. Next he appeared on a Christmas benefit for the Screen Children's Guild, and later was seen on the Ray Bolger telefilm show. Walt Disney saw Cubby playing on an ashcan and a cola box on this show and asked that the little drummer be invited to audition as a possible Mouseketeer.

The rest is history. Cubby has made a name for himself on the Mickey Mouse Club show. And he is as popular off the TV screen as he is on.

Cubby and his family live in Sun Valley, California. Their garage is their music studio. Cubby often gets up early and goes out there in his bathrobe to play the marimba, singing as he plays. Sometimes he listens to records featuring drums, then reproduces the same effects on his own drums.

But the drums aren't Cubby's only interest. When he was smaller he loved to get out in the dirt and make toy towns, roads, tunnels, little trees—even miniature telephone poles. Now he has a new project, an electric train layout with sidings, a round house, a farm, bridges, tunnels, mining equipment, even painted waterfalls with lights behind them.

Cubby loves pets, too. He has two goldfish, a cat, a cocker spaniel named Cindy, and another dog who is called Mickey Mouse because, as a puppy, he was abandoned on the O'Brien doorstep the day the Mickey Mouse Club television show began.

Cubby attends Sunday School and recently won a three-year pin for never missing a Sunday.

To Cubby, making personal appearances with Jimmie Dodd and the other Mouseketeers is the best fun of all. Once, when Jimmie had to go to a dinner, Cubby filled in as master of ceremonies for him. Then Karen took over for Cubby when it was time for him to do his own numbers.

Cubby's ambitions are to be an actor, become an expert on the drums, and play the vibraphone. Judging by his record so far, Cubby can't miss!

rhythm is the thing with

CUBBY O'BRIEN



Family fun at Cubby's house in Sun Valley, California, includes music, games, pets—even electric trains, with everybody in the act. Above (from left) Cubby is shown with his brother Warren, his mother, his brother Hack Jr., and his dad. In the other photo, Cubby looks through the backyard badminton net. On the opposite page he poses in fire togs in one of his television scenes.





lost lands and vanished peoples

THE RIDDLE OF ATLANTIS

illustrated by JOHN WYMAN

Atlantis is a magic name. It conjures up a vision of a golden city, a civilization rich and wise beyond compare, which vanished abruptly and mysteriously in some terrible upheaval of nature.

The first written story of the lost Atlantis is found in the work of the Greek philosopher Plato. He described Atlantis as a great island, almost a continent, which once existed "beyond the Pillars of Hercules," that is, outside the Straits of Gibraltar, in the Atlantic Ocean. The island was the home of a race of men who were wise and wonderful. They tilled the soil of their fertile plain and made it produce every variety of fruit and grain. Their fields were watered by the crystal streams which sprang from their beautiful mountains. Their harbors and waterways were miracles of engineering in that ancient world, and their palaces were dreams of richness and luxury, for they could take from the earth gold and all manner of precious minerals to adorn them.

The royal palaces and temples, Plato tells us, were marvels to behold. They were built in a citadel which was surrounded by three walls of stone, set one within another. The outermost wall was covered with brass, the second with tin, and the inner wall with a mysterious, precious red substance Plato calls "orichalcum." The outside of the temples were covered with silver, and the pinnacles were made of gold. Inside, the temples were ivory, gold and silver.

For countless generations, the kings who ruled over this fabulous island empire were wise, good, fair, just and powerful. Their domain extended not only over their beautiful homeland, Atlantis, but over most of the Mediterranean countries. They ruled the coast of Africa as far east as Egypt, and the European coast from Gibraltar to Italy. "They possessed true and great spirits," said Plato, "practicing gentleness and wisdom in their intercourse with one another."

But at last, the royal line of Atlantis became corrupt. Having great wealth, the Atlantans wanted even greater riches. They wanted to control the world. So they raised an army which marched to conquer Greece. But the warlike Greeks repelled the invaders and drove them back to their golden island. And there, while the defeated Atlantans sulked in their splendid palaces, the earth suddenly trembled and cracked beneath them, floods poured in upon them, and in the space of a single day and a single night the glorious island sank beneath the sea.

This is the story of Atlantis as Plato related it. Is it true, or is it a fable? Was Plato spinning a yarn to amuse, or was there, perhaps, an island empire which was swept away suddenly by earthquake and tidal wave? If Atlantis ever did exist, perhaps a handful of survivors escaped and fled to Europe to tell the story of the destruction of their land. And perhaps this story was told and re-told from one generation to another until at last it was written down.

The legend of Atlantis is one of the most intriguing ever told. Countless poems, romances, novels and many, very, very learned books have been written about the wonderful kingdom of the western sea. Some of the learned books prove that Atlantis really did exist. Some prove that it didn't. Some say Atlantis was only a port on the west coast of Spain. Some say the Azores are all that is left of Atlantis. Today, more than 2,000 years after Plato first told the story, only one thing is certain, and that is that we don't know whether it is true. Perhaps we never will!

*The drawings on these
pages were done by
Mouseketeers.*

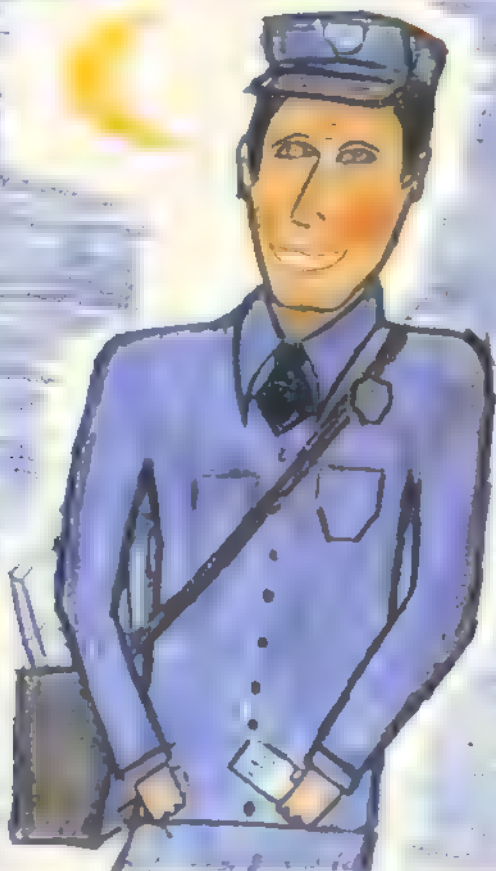


BONNIE FIELDS



CHERYL HOLDRIDGE

*neither snow nor rain
nor heat nor gloom of night
stays these couriers
from the swift completion
of their appointed rounds.*



TOMMY COLE



BOBBY BURGESS

HOW OUR POSTAL SYSTEM BEGAN

by Douglas and Koneta Roxby



SHARON BAIRD

When our forefathers came to America, there was no way to send a letter from one place to another. This wasn't important at first because there were very few settlements. But as time passed, more and more towns sprang up along the Atlantic coast. Often people moved from one town to another. When they did, of course they wanted to write the folks back home and tell them about Johnny's sore throat and how the crops were doing and whether the Indians were friendly.

It was all very difficult because the roads were just trails through the wilderness — trails made dangerous by Indians and wild animals. The only way to send a letter was to entrust it to the master of a ship voyaging from point to point along the coast. As the number of letters increased, the shipmaster began to charge a fee for his services. When he reached port, he would take the letters to the tavern where he stayed and spread them on a table for all to see. So the tavern became our first post office.

Carrying mail by sea was all right when the weather was calm, but when great storms came blowing in from the North Atlantic, many shipwrecks occurred. Important mail was lost. There had to be a better way to send letters.

By 1672, New York and Boston had become prosperous, important cities. It was very necessary for purposes of business and government that mail between these two centers should go through without loss. So, even though 250 miles of rough wilderness separated these cities, Francis Lovelace, the Governor of New York, ordered a trail cut. It was to be just wide enough for a horse and rider to pass. This trail became known as the Boston Post Road, and it is still one of the main highways between New York and New England.

Couriers mounted on horseback carried the mail from New York to Boston in leather bags hung from their saddle horns. This new postal service was so successful and so satisfactory that the Boston merchants soon began to send couriers over the Post Road with mail for New York.

Soon more postal routes were developed. Couriers now traveled in many directions carrying mail. Then, as roads were widened and improved, mail began to be carried by coaches. During this period, the coffee house was the center of the community, so mail was brought there and spread on a table where people called for it. Unclaimed letters were tacked up on the wall of the coffee house. Perhaps we could call this the first dead letter office.

Unfortunately, there were no envelopes in those days, and many of the letters were insecurely sealed. The proprietor of the coffee house, who was also the postmaster, often read the letters which passed through his hands. Sad to say, this method of handling the mail led to graft and corrupt practices, as some postmasters used the information they gleaned from the mail to enrich themselves.

It was not until Benjamin Franklin was appointed Postmaster of Philadelphia that our colonial postal system became well organized. Franklin employed only honest men. He inaugurated house-to-house mail delivery, and set up guide posts on the roads at two-mile intervals. When letters were unclaimed, he advertised them. Mail riders began to travel night and day to speed the service. The Philadelphia Post Office was soon a model for the colonies and for England.

In 1775, when the colonies broke away from British rule, our Continental Congress, impressed with Franklin's fine record, appointed him head of the American postal system.

the story of

CORK

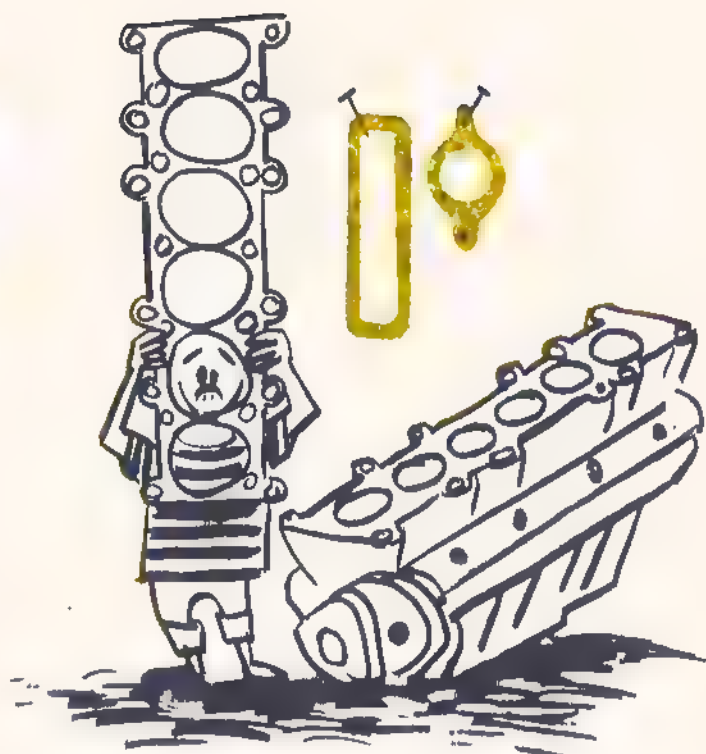
by Bill Berg

It was away back around the year 400 B.C. that people found out about cork. The Romans were the first to discover that this lightweight, spongy substance could be used to great advantage in a number of ways. For example, sandals made with cork soles were comfortable and kept the feet warm. And cork made fine floats for fish nets.

"Corks," or bottle stoppers, have been manufactured since the 1600's. Today, our life preservers are made of cork. Our refrigerators are insulated with it and our engines and motors use cork gaskets. And of course we still use cork bottle stoppers, cork floats and cork beach sandals.

Cork is the outer layer of the bark of an evergreen oak tree which grows mainly in the south of Europe and on the northern coast of Africa. The biggest producers of cork are Spain, Portugal and Algeria, although some cork is grown in California.

The cork tree lives to be from 300 to 400 years old. It seldom grows taller than 50 feet, however, even though the trunk may reach as much as five feet in diameter. The tree must be 20 to 30 years old before the cork can be harvested. The cork which we use is the outer bark which is stripped



off by experts who travel from one cork farm to another. The harvesting is done in mid-summer, and each tree is stripped only once every seven to ten years.

Stripping does not hurt the tree, since the harvesters are very careful not to injure the inner bark. Working with their principal tool, an axe sharpened to a razor edge, the strippers cut seams in the outer bark. They then pry off strips of cork with the axe handle. Care is taken to remove the cork bark in the largest oblong pieces possible.

Trouble often develops because of thousands of ants who live under the outer bark of the cork tree. This might seem funny but the strippers don't think so, for whole colonies of ants, annoyed at being disturbed, can be quite a nuisance to a busy harvester.

When the cork bark is first peeled off, the inner bark appears flesh pink in color. Later it takes on a dark reddish tinge because of the presence of tannin, a strong substance used in tanning and dyeing.

After stripping, the bark is carried to a central place for grading. The grader is a very



illustrated by BILL BERG



important figure since he has learned, through long experience, to tell the quality of cork the instant he touches it. If some bark is of two distinct grades in the same piece, he cuts it in two with a sharp knife. He can also cut off defects to make the bark top grade. Finally, when the bark has been graded according to quality, it is sold by weight.

From the island of Sardinia, where the trees grow on steep, rocky slopes, comes the most valuable cork in the world. It is called "carta," meaning paper, and it is used in the manufacture of cork-tipped cigarettes.

Look around you now and see how many things are made of cork. Then think back to the cork trees in their ancient Mediterranean setting, and to the men who labor to harvest the cork, prepare it and sell it. Theirs is an honorable occupation and an interesting one. Through it, one way or another, they serve practically all of the civilized peoples of the world.







illustrated by BILL BOSCHE

Mr. McKinity's Secret

by Mary Carey

After we moved to New York, things weren't really the same as they had been. Not that the kids in the new school weren't swell. They even invited me to join a club the first week of the fall term. My mother wouldn't let me—she said I was too young to get into “cliques”—and even that was all right.

It was sort of as if it made me someone kind of special not to be able to belong, even if I had been asked. So I went to a lot of parties that year—I was twelve then—and even if I couldn't go to the club meetings I heard all about them at lunchtime and I went around with all of the club girls. Lots of the kids in school even thought I belonged. So as far as school was concerned, everything was okay.

It was the weekends that were rough. Back in Jamestown you saw everybody on weekends that you saw during the week. The town wasn't so big that your friends could get lost in it. But in New York it was different. I don't know where all the girls went on Saturdays and Sundays—but they just seemed to vanish. I guess they had things to do, like family things or outings with their folks. Anyway, Saturdays and Sundays got pretty grim for me.

We live in a big apartment building on East 32nd street—with a lobby and a doorman and a man who sits behind a desk and asks your name if you want to come and visit there. And every Saturday and Sunday when we first got to New York Daddy would barricade himself in his room and study things on great big sheets of paper. I guess he was anxious to make good on his new job. And Mother would tip-toe around making “be quiet” motions to me. So there I was. There wasn't another girl or boy in the place my age. As a matter of fact, there wasn't another girl or boy in the place. And the doorman was a pretty spent force once he told you who won the fights on television last night. So, as I say, there I was.

Our apartment house is the only big, impressive one on the block. Across the street from us is a row of brownstones. That's the name they have for the old houses in New York that were once elegant town houses. Now most of them aren't so elegant. They've been cut up into little apartments with little kitchens poked into odd corners, and the people who live in them always work all day and then come home at night and play the radio or the television or the hi-fi real loud. Maybe they do it so they can't hear the people in the next apartment playing the radio or the television or the hi-fi.

But one of the houses across the street from us is different. It isn't cut up into apartments. Oh, it's a brownstone, just like all the others, but it's still an elegant town house. It's Mr. McKinity's house.

The day I met Mr. McKinity was a Saturday. Daddy was barricaded with his work, as usual, and Mother was tiptoeing around the apartment, as usual. So I was strictly in the way. I went down to pass the time of day with Tim—he's the doorman—and after we got pretty bored with each other's company I decided to walk down to the drug-store and get a magazine. I stepped off the curb and got as far as the middle of the street when a car came roaring along. It just seemed to come out of nowhere. One minute the street was empty, and the next minute here was this car practically on top of me.

Of course, instead of behaving with great presence of mind and calmly getting out of the way, I acted like an hysterical chicken, scurrying around in the middle of the street, not able to decide which way to jump. Just when it seemed too late to jump any way, everything stopped.

It was the darndest thing! I don't mean that the car stopped because the driver stepped on the brake or anything like that. I mean everything stopped—just the way it does when you're in the movies and the film breaks or something goes wrong with the projector. I could see a woman who'd been walking on the sidewalk frozen with one foot off the ground. And in the car, the driver's face, with his mouth half-open to yell, and nothing coming out.

But I didn't stop. I picked up my feet and got out of there. And just as soon as I reached the sidewalk everything started again. The woman put down her foot and took a step. The driver finished his yell and went speeding on down the street. I turned around and looked at Tim and he was sagging against the doorway, looking kind of green and weak, but very relieved.

Then I looked up at the window of the elegant house. Mr. McKinity was standing there.

I hadn't ever seen Mr. McKinity before, but I knew that was who it was. He was watching me, and he had his arm out in an odd sort of motion. I'd seen pictures in books of the old kings giving orders. It was a gesture like that. Command, you might say.

He only stayed in the window a second. Then he turned away and, moments later, the big front door opened and he came out on the steps.

“That was a little too close, young lady,” he said. “You'd better come in here and sit down for a minute.” He

didn't gesture this time, but the command was still there.

I went meekly up the steps.

I was too shaken up at first with my close call to notice much about the house. It was cool and dim, I know, and brass things gleamed here and there. Mr. McKinity took me into the front room—living room isn't actually the word for it, it was more of a parlor—and I sat down in a velvet chair until I could stop trembling. A quiet, gray-haired woman brought a tray with tea things and Mr. McKinity poured tea for me.

All the time this was going on, Mr. McKinity was talking to me. He didn't say anything important. He just rambled on in a low, gentle voice, about the pictures on the walls and how he had been living in that house for years and how much the street had changed. I know that he was just giving me a chance to calm down.

By the time I finished my tea I was feeling fine again, and I'd had a chance to size up my host. I don't know how old he was because I'm not good at judging age, but I know he hadn't been young for a long, long time. He had thin hands that you could almost see through, and a thin face that fell in a little under his cheekbones. His hair was white and stood up all over his head like a gone-to-seed dandelion, and his eyebrows were white, too, and grew in two big tufts that almost hid his eyes. The only things about him that weren't old were his eyes. They were bright blue and snapping.

"Do you like what you see?" he asked, laughing.

I jumped. I hadn't realized that I'd been staring at the old gentleman. Then I laughed back.

"Yes," I said. "Very much!"

He laughed again. "One of the nice things about being old is that you get so many compliments from very young ladies. When I was a young man no one ever said such nice things to me. At least, not without some prompting."

I doubted this, somehow, but I held my tongue.

"I've been watching you from my window," Mr. McKinity went on. "You're the only youngster in that house, aren't you? I see you coming and going all by yourself."

"Yes," I answered. "But I meet a lot of friends at school."

"Do you enjoy your school?" he asked. Somehow this wasn't like the usual conversation you have with your parents' friends when they're trying to be polite and interested. Mr. McKin-

ity really seemed to want to know. So I told him—all about the new school and the girls in the club and even about Daddy's new job and how hard he was working. I told him about Jamestown, too, and how happy we'd been there and how much I missed my friends.

He listened until I'd finished, then he got up and walked to the window.

"You can be happy anywhere," he said. "It all depends on you. Now take New York—" He waved his hand toward the street as if he were actually giving me the big town. "It's a wonderful place. I've lived here most of my life, off and on, and I know that a lot of people are lonely here. But they don't have to be. If they'd just go out and watch what's going on around them they'd be so interested and so busy they wouldn't have time to get lonely."

"You're feeling a little sorry for yourself because you don't have anyone to spend your time with on Saturdays and Sundays, aren't you?"

He turned away from the window and looked hard at me, and I could feel my face getting hot. Of course it was true. I was feeling sorry for myself. But I just hadn't thought of it that way before, and coming from someone else it sounded pretty silly and foolish.

"I tell you what," Mr. McKinity said, when I didn't answer him. "I'm rather at loose ends myself on Saturdays. I'd like to show you your city. Do you think you'd like that?"

I didn't know whether I'd like it or not, but he seemed to expect an answer so I gulped and nodded.

"Fine," he said. "I'll call on your mother and get her permission."

I wouldn't have suggested Mr. McKinity's calling on Mother myself, but once he mentioned it, it was obvious that of course that was the thing to do. So I nodded again.

"Do you think tomorrow afternoon would be convenient for your mother to see me?" he asked.

Mother never does anything more exciting on Sunday afternoons than read the papers, and I didn't think she'd mind having that interrupted for once, so I said yes.

At that point my visit with Mr. McKinity seemed to be about over, so I stood up and thanked him for the tea. I almost thanked him for saving my life, but that didn't seem to make good sense. As I left he called after me, "Make sure you're careful crossing the street!"

* * *

Mr. McKinity was a man of his word. He called on Mother and Dad next day

and in half an hour he had won them over completely. So it was arranged between them that I could spend Saturday afternoons with Mr. McKinity, seeing "my city."

At first we did the things that parents and teachers really approve of—the museums and the United Nations and the zoo and the parks. With Mr. McKinity it was fun, though. He seemed to know everyone and everything. If we were visiting the Metropolitan Museum, for example, he'd stride in, with his white hair waving and his black coat flapping out behind him, and I'd trail along in my good gray suit, trying to keep my hands off things so my white gloves would stay clean, and all the guards and the attendants would see us and smile at us and some of them would say "Hello Mr. McKinity," as if they were old friends. When Mr. McKinity found something he thought I should be interested in—like the Cellini cup, for instance—he'd stop and tell me about it in a big booming voice that bounced off the ceilings and rattled around in the galleries. Oh, I don't mean just that he told me about periods and trends and what the things were made of. He told me about the artists—the men who made all that beauty—and whether they were happy or unhappy, good or bad.

He told me about a lot of other things, too. Strange things like trolls and elves and fairies and leprechauns. He seemed to know all about the folklore and the fairy tales of all the different countries. It was his hobby, he said, studying folk tales. He was especially well-informed on leprechauns. They were the Irish variety of elf, he told me, little people only about a foot high but with magic powers, and tricky enough for any normal creature ten feet tall. The funny thing was that Mr. McKinity talked about them as if they really existed.

After a while it seemed to me we must be running out of things to see. But no—there was the Battery and the Staten Island Ferry and the big markets (we had to get started before dawn for that). Once we took a train and went up the Hudson River to see Washington Irving's country.

I enjoyed it all, of course, but I think Mr. McKinity was really having a ball. He seemed almost to taste everyplace, to roll it around on his tongue and smack his lips over it.

We always ended our jaunts with what he called "high tea." Usually I wasn't allowed to drink tea, but with Mr. McKinity it was all right. Some-

times we had it at one of the hotels or restaurants, but most often we had it at Mr. McKinity's house.

It was during one of these tea parties that I got my second hint that there was something very unusual about Mr. McKinity. I had gone to wash my hands, and as I came back to the parlor I could hear him talking with someone.

"I think she'll be just fine for you, Sean," I could hear him say. "She enjoys things so much."

"Maybe so," said a second voice — a strange voice, so soft and thin and small — "but you haven't tried her on theaters yet. And you know how I love to go to the theater."

I looked into the parlor to see who it was that loved theaters. There was no one there but Mr. McKinity! He was sitting forward in his chair with his hands on his knees and his face thrust out as if he were having an argument with someone.

He turned around just then and saw me standing in the doorway.

"Come in, my dear," he said, and laughed a little nervous laugh. Coming from anyone else it would have been a silly giggle, but somehow you didn't think of giggles in connection with Mr. McKinity.

He must have realized that I'd heard something, but he made no mention of it. He poured out tea as usual, and passed cakes and cookies and scones and all manner of goodies. But as I was leaving that day he mentioned — oh so casually — that he thought next Saturday we should go to the theater.

"After all," he said, not quite looking me in the eye, "one of the nicest things here is the theater."

And go to the theater we did. We saw musical comedies and non-musical comedies and dull plays and good plays and sad plays and happy plays. I loved it. Except for school plays, I had never been in a real theater. There was something so exciting about that minute when the house lights go dim and the footlights go bright and everyone stops talking and waits for the curtain to go up. After the first time, my heart would beat so hard that I could feel it shaking me.

All this time I knew. I was being tested somehow by someone with a small, thin voice who loved theaters. Someone who was sitting in Mr. McKinity's parlor while the old man tried to convince him that I would "do." Do what? I wondered.

(To be continued)





Photo by Curtis Studio, Garden City, Kansas.

LION SHOOT

A lion in the streets is old stuff to the residents of Garden City, Kansas. It always draws a crowd, of course, but it never causes the least consternation. Not, at any rate, when the lion is Simba, a tawny, frolicsome seven-months-old cub who likes nothing better than a walk downtown to the accompaniment of a host of "ohs" and "ahs" and countless admiring glances.

Simba was raised at home by Claude Owens, superintendent of the Lee Richardson zoo in Garden City, his wife and their two teen-age daughters. This handsome lion cub is their seventh, raised just like other people raise house cats!

The Owens family took in these unusual pets because the lionesses, after the cubs were born, wouldn't care for their young. The superintendent's family began with one cub which they raised successfully, finally sending him on his way in the zoo world. Soon another needed care, and later on, still another. Simba's father, Kimberly, an orphan, was one of these who spent his early life in the Owens home. Now he's a roaring giant

in the Garden City zoo. Then came Simba, son of Kyla, a handsome lioness now in a zoo in Ohio.

Simba won the Owens' hearts at once. When he was little he had the run of their home. Later, when the urge to gnaw developed, a wire mesh door was put up to keep him in the rear of the house, out of the living room. Spending a lot of time out-of-doors in the yard, he chewed chunks out of trees, yet played rough-and-tumble with the neighborhood dogs without so much as giving them a scratch.

Simba would pad majestically around the house on his six-inch wide paws, baring a chilling set of teeth when he yawned, but slinking away as obediently as you could ask when Mrs. Owens would remind him sternly that he must not nibble on the electric lamp cords or chew the legs of the kitchen table.

Back from an outing he would head for the bath tub and proceed to quench his thirst, having learned the trick of turning on the faucet all by himself whenever he wanted to get a drink of water.

Pull his tail accidentally and Simba will let out a growl that can be heard half a block away. But bring out a camera and he'll move right up and peer into the lens. Perhaps he has something of the ham in him, for cameras fascinate him.

Knowing this, and knowing he loves kids, the editors of the *Garden City Telegram*, the local newspaper,



In a unique photo contest in Garden City, Kansas, this handsome portrait of Simba the lion cub was one of the prize winners. In the lower photo are the three winning cameramen: Robert Raynesford, George Austin and Harvey Johnson.

Photo by Curtis Studio, Garden City, Kansas.

arranged a novel amateur photo contest. Prizes were to be given for the best pictures of Simba to be taken by the young people of the town at a camera session in the park.

On the appointed day Simba padded into the midst of youthful admirers equipped with cameras of every description, and soon the shutters were clicking all around him.

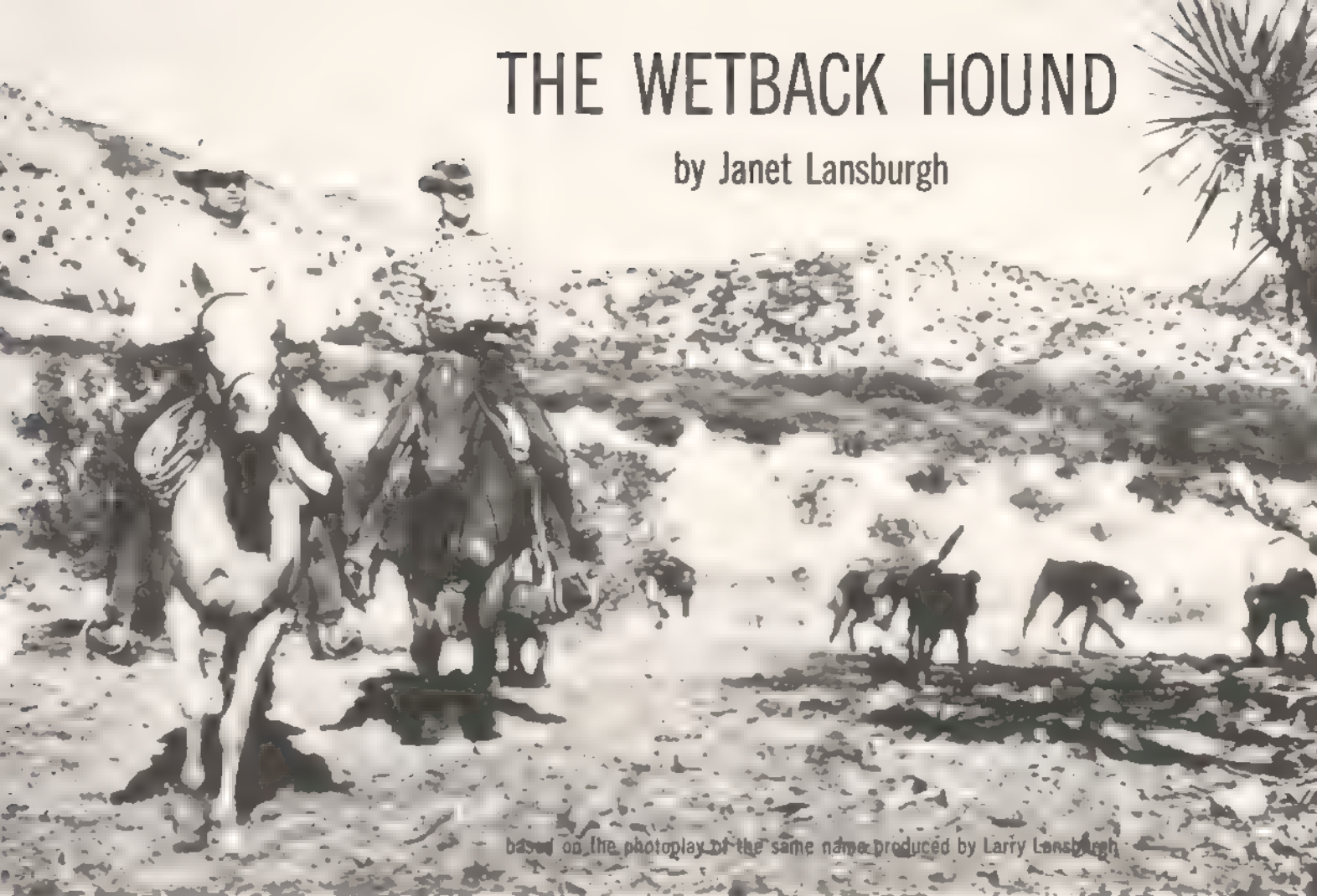
When it was all over and the pictures had been developed, George Austin's photo took the first prize of \$5. Harvey Johnson and Robert Raynesford collected \$3 and \$2 respectively as second and third place winners. Honorable mention at \$1 each went to Janet Ballinger, Dianne Dennis and Ruth Wagner.

Simba loved every minute of it and hated to go home. But he had to pack up for his next big excitement -- an extended tour of cities in the east. A lion leads a busy life!



THE WETBACK HOUND

by Janet Lansburgh



based on the photoplay of the same name produced by Larry Lansburgh

The hunters and their hounds had been stalking the mountain lion since dawn, in the rough, hot, dry Sonora country below the United States-Mexican border. As yet, they had not picked up a scent. Now it was mid-afternoon and they were about ready to give up the day as lost when the dogs suddenly came on a fresh track. It was a good one, easy to follow, and the dogs raced along, baying their excitement at their discovery. When they came to a spot where the scent lessened, they milled around, trying to catch the track again. Suddenly Paco, a new young hound out for the first time, let out a wild bay and took off up the nearby slope. The other hounds followed him, bugling the sweet wild music of the chase.

The hunters grinned at each other in anticipation of a quick treeing of the lion, as they followed the direction the hounds had taken.

But when they caught up with them, the men stopped short in disbelief. The pack was no longer interested, because there was no lion scent. Farther up the rise, Paco ran in pursuit of a deer. The new hound had led the pack off on a false scent. The lion had escaped.

The hunters yelled savagely at Paco to return. By this time, the deer had outdistanced him, and the irate voices

of his masters brought the young hound back to the immediate reality.

When he returned, one of the men grabbed him roughly and shook him and twisted his collar until the dog choked for breath.

On the trip back to camp, the hound was not allowed to forget that he had done something wrong. Every now and then one of the hunters kicked him and sent him rolling on the ground, whimpering with pain.

Things were no better that night. There was some meat for the other dogs, but the men did not even consider Paco worth feeding.

Later, when the men and other dogs slept, Paco lay with his head on his paws, confused and frightened. True, Paco had made the unforgivable error of trailing something other than lion scent, but nobody had bothered to train him differently. What he needed now was the help of an intelligent and understanding human to correct his faults. These men were not the kind to offer any help to a confused dog.

Paco vaguely sensed all this, and that things might grow worse instead of better. He started gnawing on his rope. It wasn't hard to chew the fibers in half.

Under cover of the night, he padded out of the camp, and then broke into a

lope in the direction where some faint memory told him he might find somewhere else to live.

By the first morning light, he was still going, and when the sun was well up in the sky, Paco came to a dirt road. Although he was very tired and thirsty now, as well as hungry, he quickened his pace to an eager lope.

Soon he came to a little town. Certainly here he could find something to eat and drink. And sure enough, as he rounded a corner, the first thing he saw was a pail of water. He started to drink in great gulps. But the water belonged to a woman doing her washing, and when she looked down and saw a dusty cur sloshing up her clean water, she slapped him with a wet rag and screamed for him to be on his way.

Paco eagerly trotted up behind the first man he saw, and followed him into a place where the doors swung in and out. There was music there, and laughter, but dogs were not welcome. A man chased Paco outside, shouting and waving a broom.

By now he was dejected. Nobody seemed to have any time for a tired, hungry dog. He was plodding along, head down, when he suddenly heard a bright chirruping whistle... the kind people make when they are glad to

see a dog. Paco looked up. An old man was having his shoes shined.

"Hello, *perro*... dog," he said kindly, and reached out his hand in a welcoming gesture. Paco went up to him. The man's hand caressed his head gently, and rubbed behind his ears. He leaned his tired head against the old man's leg.

The old man walked over toward the curb and started to get into a car. Paco watched for a moment, then sprang into the seat beside his new friend. The man didn't turn him out. He just smiled, and patted Paco again. And off they rode, down the street.

To those who watched the old man drive along, his ancient *Fordcito* that coughed and spluttered as it went was a target for merriment. But Paco had never had such a nice ride before, and the breeze blew pleasantly against his face.

Pretty soon the man stopped the car near a small building, where other cars were also stopped. Some men in uniforms were talking to the drivers. One of them came up to the old man's car. He seemed to know the old man, and called him by name.

"I know your papers are in order, Gavino," he said. "But how about this dog? If you are planning to bring him across the border into the United States, he has to have vaccination papers. Have you got any for him?"

"*No tengo*," the old man said wistfully.

"I'm sorry," the immigration man said kindly. "Then I can't let him come across."

He opened the door and took Paco by the collar. He was gentle, but firm.

"Too bad, pooch," he said, "but you can't come in."

He led Paco over to the sidewalk and returned to his post. The dog sat patiently for a moment, but when he saw the old Ford chug down the street on the other side of the immigration station, he leaped to his feet and started to follow.

The immigration man jumped forward and caught Paco's collar. Paco struggled for a moment, then stood disconsolately on the pavement, watching until the old man and his rattletrap car had disappeared around a corner. At last, the dog turned away and trotted out of sight.

But he didn't have to go far before he found a wide ditch full of water. Along the United States-Mexico border are many places like this—irrigation canals and rivers—where those who want to can cross the border illegally if no one sees them. That is

why these people are called "wet-backs." Paco didn't know it, but he was about to become a wetback hound.

He was lucky. He jumped into the canal and swam across without anybody noticing him. Once on the other side, he gave himself a good shake and headed down the first road he came to—toward the town where they had said he couldn't go.

As he wandered along, he had no idea what he should do next, or how to pick up the scent of his lost friend, but the next happenstance made up his mind about his next course of action. Because there, in the back of a truck parked at a curb, was a hound like himself. He looked at Paco with friendliness and wagged an invitation to jump in. Eagerly, Paco accepted the invitation.

The next thing Paco knew, the truck was moving, and he was riding down the street with his new friend. Paco didn't know where he was going, but at least he wasn't walking.

The truck left the town and headed up into mountainous country, over a bumpy, dusty road. After what seemed like a long ride, the truck pulled into a rancho and Paco heard the excited barking of other hounds.

The truck stopped and a man got out and came around and looked in at where the two dogs were. Paco didn't recognize the look on the man's face as amazement. All he knew was that the man wasn't angry, and didn't shout at him. So Paco gave the man a tentative joyful bark as if to say, "I hope you like me."

A woman had come out to meet the

man, and together they looked at Paco.

"He's just a young dog," the man said. "And he looks healthy...a little too thin, maybe. By the look of his pads he's come a long way."

"Well," said the woman as her husband lifted Paco from the truck, "that's just what we need. Another dog!" And they both looked at the large pack of hounds tumbling around in excitement on the other side of the fence, and then at each other, and laughed heartily.

And that is how Paco came to live with the Glenns, who were a ranching family in the Chiricahua mountain country of Arizona. Like many ranchers in the area, Marvin Glenn and his son Warner were also lion hunters. This was almost a necessity, because lions made inroads on livestock. But, in addition, the good bounty paid by the state and the cattlemen's associations helped pay for needed extras over the year.

Recently, there had been no trouble, but all hunters know that lions are migratory, and are continually on the move in a radius of as much as a hundred miles. The ranchers, therefore, were always on the alert.

This was borne out the first day Marvin took Paco out with him on his range. It was Paco, with this keen hound's nose, that discovered that a lion was close at hand again. He led Marvin to the carcass of a yearling steer. It looked as if it had been killed about a week before. But obviously the cat had returned just shortly before their arrival, to feed a little more.

Marvin rode down into a small box

After Paco saved the fawn from the lion, the hound and the deer were friends.



canyon to look for tracks. He found them all right, and as he was crouched down in the sandy bottom, studying them, the lion, half-hidden on a nearby ledge, angrily watched this man who was blocking his only escape. Tail slashing back and forth, he crept forward slowly. Then, with a half-growl, half-scream, he leaped onto Marvin's back, and on out of his boxed-in retreat.

Marvin rolled to his feet in time to see his new hound chasing the lion up the mountainside. But just as he reached his horse to follow, he saw the dog suddenly abandon the chase. Marvin was perplexed. Most hounds go almost crazy with excitement, chasing a lion, and will run for days if they can keep on the scent. But this dog acted as if he just wasn't interested any more. Marvin found himself worrying about this, because he liked this young hound, but he couldn't keep a dog that had no follow-through for lion.

That night, the Glenns discussed Paco's lack of interest in lions, and decided that since the lion was close on the prowl, they would take Paco out with the pack tomorrow. Maybe, when Paco felt the high current of excitement among the other dogs, his interest would heighten.

Paco was enjoying his new home so much that his first day out with Marvin, Warner and the pack was just like a lark to him. He felt just like a frolicsome irresponsible puppy. Unfortunately, he acted like one further along the trail, when he caught the sudden scent of a deer. He was off after it without a further thought of

the Glenns or of the other hounds.

"Oh, boy!" said Warner as he watched Paco disappear up through the trees. "Now, what are you going to do, Dad?"

The older man was thoughtful.

"I don't know yet. I hate to admit I'm not smart enough to out-think him, somehow. You better ride up that way, Warner, so we don't lose him altogether."

Paco followed the deer clear up into higher country before he lost its trail. But there was other deer scent around, and he followed on further. In a little while he came on one of the jumping creatures lying on the ground, perfectly still. He nosed it curiously, but it didn't move.

The lion, crouched on a rock up-wind from the dog, watched Paco and waited for him to move away from the fresh kill.

Paco looked up and saw something walking toward him. It looked like the one on the ground, but it was very small, and instead of leaping and bouncing away, it came right up to him. He nosed it and sniffed it and licked it, and the little creature nuzzled against him. To Paco, it was like being petted.

When Warner caught up with Paco, he found the hound keeping watch over the orphan fawn. Warner, grinning to himself at the scene, tucked the fawn under his arm, swung up into the saddle, and called to Paco to come along.

When they got home, the Glenns put the fawn in the same kennel with Paco.

When they brought a bottle out to the fawn the next morning, the Glenns



The lion snarled menacingly at Paco.

all had to laugh at Paco's protective attitude. As Marvin said, Paco acted like an old hen with one chick.

"Maybe if this hound gets used to having a deer around, he won't want to chase 'em... and that'll be one of his problems licked, anyhow."

Paco and the fawn became inseparable. The Glenns put a collar and bell on the baby so that they could always find him when they gave him the run of the home pasture. Whenever Paco was taken out with the other dogs, the fawn paced up and down in restless anticipation of his return.

Paco and the other hounds were out a great deal these days, because the lion that he and Marvin had seen had eluded every attempt at capture. He was the most beautiful specimen that had been around for years, and his cunning and arrogance seemed to match his beauty.

The Glenns found themselves more and more keyed up over their inability to trap this fellow. What made their interest especially keen was that they had an offer from one of the largest zoos in the country for a handsome male puma, delivered alive. This cat was it... if they could just get a lucky break.

One day, when he took Paco out of the kennel, Marvin didn't realize, as he closed the door, that the lock had not caught. But the fawn, restless as usual at Paco's absence, shoved his nose against the door and found that it opened at his touch.

Nobody saw the little figure, so much like the landscape around him, run out of the ranch yard and disappear into the surrounding wild country. Warner, returning Paco to his kennel later, didn't even notice that the fawn was missing.

But Paco noticed. And a warning instinct deep within him told him that something was wrong. A quick survey of the kennel revealed the fawn was nowhere inside the fence, so Paco

When the big cat could go no further, he took refuge on top of some rocks.



scaled the high mesh barrier in one great leap and scramble.

Now some distance from the ranch, the fawn had entered a lonely canyon. He picked his way along in the wilderness, his bell making a silvery peal at each step. He couldn't see Paco anywhere. But a pair of watchful green eyes saw him! For the lion, up in a tree, watched the progress of the small deer almost contemptuously. It would be so easy to strike him down whenever he felt in the mood.

Paco had no trouble picking up the fawn's trail, and he crashed through the brush of the primitive countryside, stopping only to reassure himself that he was on the scent. However, it was a different story when he crossed a shallow stream bed, for the water told him nothing, and the scent on the other side became indistinct over the rocks. But Paco kept on, trying to find the small, trusting little creature who depended on him.

Paco came out onto a small clearing, and stopped once more to see if he could pick up a clue. It was then that he heard the distant sound of a bell. He stood there, his sensitive hound's ears strained. There it was again! He bounded off in the direction of the sound. He ran swiftly through a forest and up a rise. There, he stopped, because now the bell sounded very close. But something else caused the hair on his back to rise in a ridge. It was lion scent mingled with the scent of deer.

There, down below him, was the fawn. And prowling lazily toward him was the same lion Paco had chased out of the box canyon that other day. But now the lion was not just another animal. Instead, it was something that spelled danger to his friend. Paco's whole being was suddenly filled with hot, surging rage.

Bugling his wild hound call, he plunged down toward the two. He was filled with a consuming desire to get that big tawny danger that was threatening the fawn.

As soon as he sensed Paco's nearness, the cat turned and flashed away with the dog in swift pursuit, baying the blood-surging call of a hound in full chase.

In the thin, quiet mountain atmosphere the sound of his baying carried clear back to the ranch, where Marvin and Warner were doing some odd jobs around the corrals. When a hunter hears the sound of a hound on a chase, he moves quickly. The Glenns didn't stop to consider what hound it was,



Even as Marvin Glenn rewarded Paco, the hound's attention seemed to wander.

or why the dog was out there alone.

They swung onto their horses and as they raced out of the ranch yard, they stopped only long enough to open the gate to the kennels. The pack surged out like a waterfall, tumbling over themselves in their excitement, for they, too, had heard the sound.

Men and dogs charged out in the direction of the distant hound. The baying never let up. These experienced hunters knew that a hound had really treed his quarry.

Paco had run the lion until the big cat could go no further. He finally took refuge on top of a huge pile of rocks and hurled down spitting, snarling threats at his pursuer.

This was the scene Marvin and Warner Glenn saw as they and the hounds galloped around a turn in the rough trail. Paco was still leaping up at the lion, howling and baying in his excitement.

Both father and son were wondering how Paco had turned up way out here, but right now there was no time to give it too much thought. Here was the lion they had wanted so badly, and now the problem was to rope the raging, fighting fiend, and subdue him, so that he could be tied up and taken back to the ranch alive and in good condition.

To anyone else, this might have been an insurmountable task, but the Glenns were noted, even among their own kind, for their skill in taking lions alive.

It wasn't long before their prize was skillfully tied up and ready to go. Now,

there was time to think about Paco. Marvin and Warner found their faces wreathed in wide grins, the more they thought of the way this young hound had treed the lion. And somehow, Marvin just felt in his bones that now he had himself a lion dog for good.

But there was just one more missing piece to the puzzle. Why and how had Paco been out here in the first place? Even as they let Paco see their approval of what he had done, the hound's attention seemed to wander elsewhere. And as soon as he could, the dog raced away from them. Puzzled, Warner got on his horse and followed him. Paco was acting exactly as if he had some unfinished business to take care of.

Which, of course, was exactly the case. Marvin followed Paco a long way, until the dog finally stopped, looked around, and gave a sharp bark. When he did so, Warner heard the familiar sound of a tinkling bell, and across the small meadow leaped the fawn in response to Paco's signal.

Now, it was easy to reconstruct everything that had happened—which is just what father and son did as they rode back to the ranch. It was quite a parade they had, too—what with themselves and the captive lion and the pack—and Paco and his fawn bringing up the rear.

Back in their kennel, Paco and the little fawn were glad to lie down in restful relaxation. Paco was happy, for now, for the first time in his life, he had the feeling that he belonged, that he had found a place for himself.



In the autumn days, when gales roar down on the Atlantic, shredding it to spray and hurling it in great combers against the rocky New England shore, the talk all up and down the coast is apt to turn to the days when wooden ships put to sea, manned by iron men. There was fame and fortune to be won then by good deep-water sailors with broad backs and brave hearts. And there is no doubt that the broadest back and the bravest heart belonged to Cap'n Alfred Bulltop Stormalong.

When Stormalong was just a cabin boy, standing a mere one fathom tall, he shipped aboard a whaler out of New Bedford. The ship had anchored somewhere in the North Atlantic when the lookout spied a school of whales and the bosun ordered the anchor up. Well, the crew heaved and hauled on the anchor, but it wouldn't budge an inch. That's when Stormalong spoke up.

"Must be a giant octopus holding it down," he said. "I'd best go over the side and fix the monster."

With that, Stormalong shucked off his clothes and dove into the water. Well, there was a bubbling and a boiling and a heaving and a swelling of the waves, and then the crew saw Stormy come up to the surface with the anchor clutched in his hand.

Heroes of American Folklore:

CAP'N STORMALONG

"That beast won't bother us again," said Stormy. "I tied a different kind of knot in each of his tentacles."

By the time Stormalong got his full growth he stood more than four fathoms tall. He decided to leave the sea and take up farming, since he couldn't find a ship big enough for him. So he bought some land and took himself a wife and settled down. He must have got the salt water in his veins though, because he couldn't stay settled. In no time at all he'd left wife and farm and all and gone back to the sea.

All the available ships were too puny, according to Stormy's way of thinking, so he built the *Courser*. She was so big she had to have stables aboard for the horses the crew needed to ride across the decks. The masts were so tall they were hinged in sections. That way they could bend down to let the sun and moon pass by.

Old Stormalong used his ship to carry cargo, but he had trouble on almost every trip. The *Courser* was so big that there was no harbor on earth she could get into. The only way she could be loaded or unloaded was for a fleet of ships to meet her out in the open sea and put her cargo aboard, or take it off, whichever was the case.

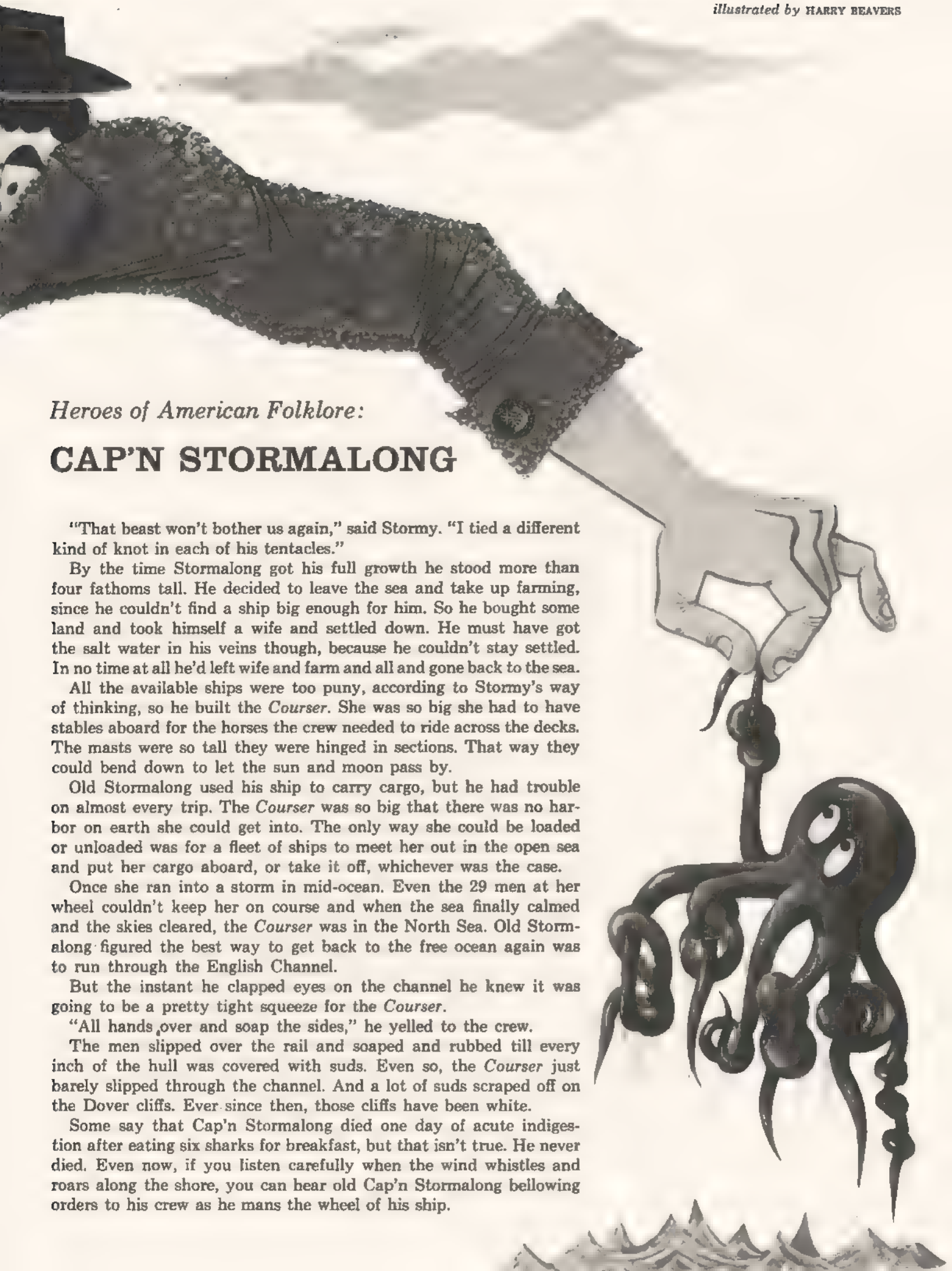
Once she ran into a storm in mid-ocean. Even the 29 men at her wheel couldn't keep her on course and when the sea finally calmed and the skies cleared, the *Courser* was in the North Sea. Old Storm-along figured the best way to get back to the free ocean again was to run through the English Channel.

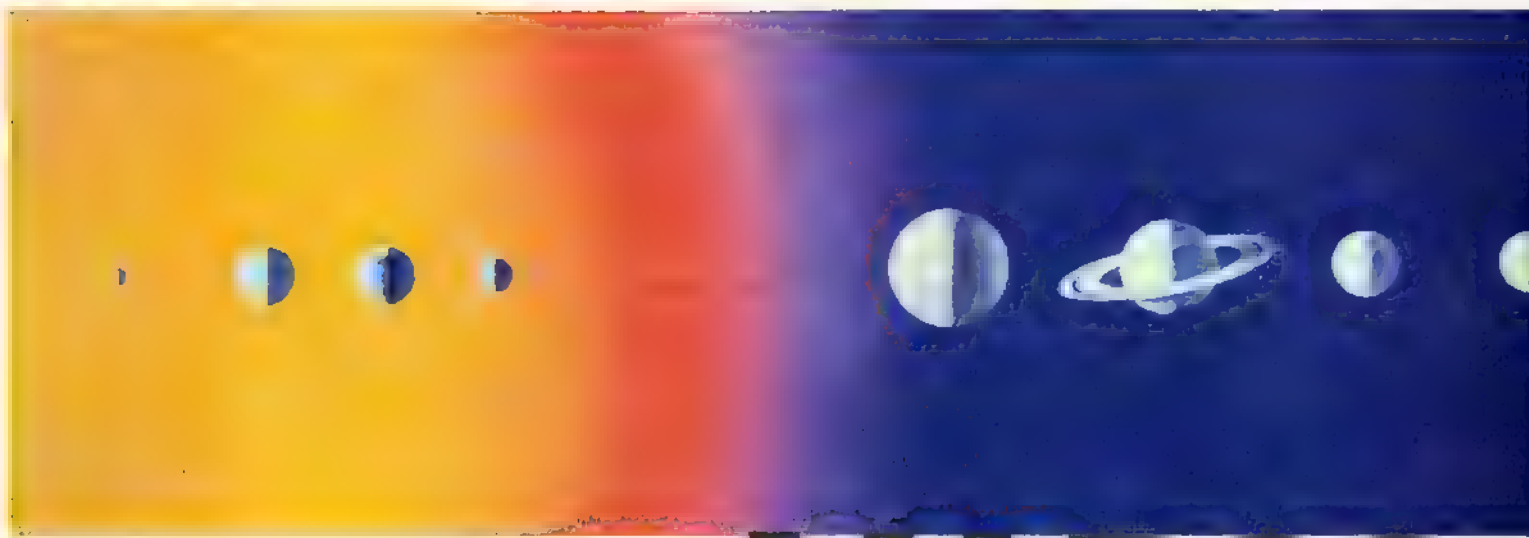
But the instant he clapped eyes on the channel he knew it was going to be a pretty tight squeeze for the *Courser*.

"All hands over and soap the sides," he yelled to the crew.

The men slipped over the rail and soaped and rubbed till every inch of the hull was covered with suds. Even so, the *Courser* just barely slipped through the channel. And a lot of suds scraped off on the Dover cliffs. Ever since then, those cliffs have been white.

Some say that Cap'n Stormalong died one day of acute indigestion after eating six sharks for breakfast, but that isn't true. He never died. Even now, if you listen carefully when the wind whistles and roars along the shore, you can hear old Cap'n Stormalong bellowing orders to his crew as he mans the wheel of his ship.





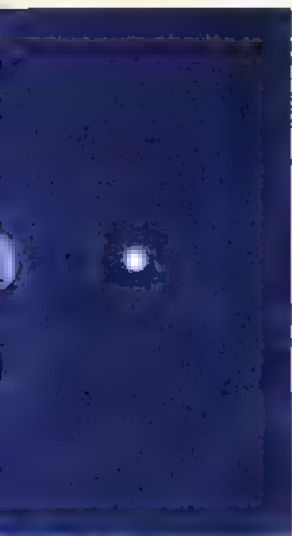
IS THERE LIFE ON

MARS?

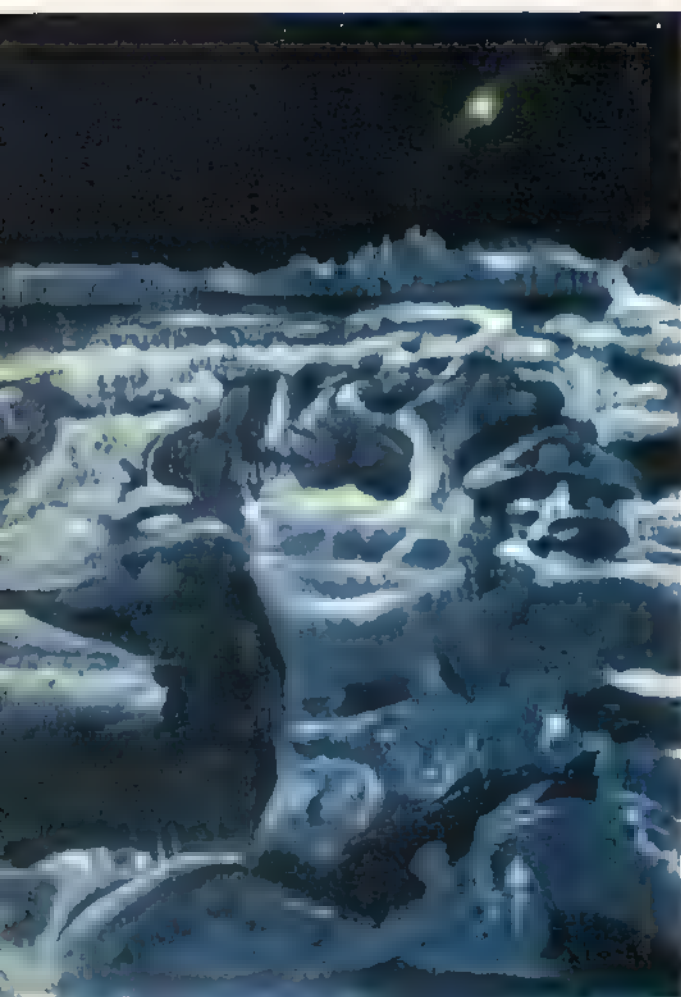


If man should visit Mercury, he would find it an airless world, with one burning face always toward the sun. His blood would boil in this vacuum and his lifeless body would be incinerated in seconds.

Scientists think that even though conditions on Mars are severe, man, if he journeyed there, could survive with protective covering and his own oxygen supply. Life, they believe, could be almost normal in pressurized dwellings.



Our solar system includes, from left, the planet Mercury with its boiling temperatures, the "Golden Zone" in which we find Venus, the Earth and Mars, and then, stretching out into space, the cold planets—Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune and Pluto.



On Pluto, with its temperatures of more than 300 degrees below zero, life as we know it could never exist. Here the sun glows faintly over silent landscapes of frozen gases and lakes of liquid ammonia.

In this exciting age, when everyone seems to be talking about the possibility of space travel in the not-too-distant future, there is much speculation on what we will discover when we visit other worlds. Will we find planets with only a low form of vegetable life? Or will there be worlds controlled by super-intelligent beings?

Of course, back in the beginning of history, when men first looked on the stars, the very idea of life on other worlds was unthinkable, for the mere existence of other worlds was unknown. Man believed that his earth, the supreme center of intelligent thinking, stood firmly in the center of the universe, with the sun, the moon and the stars moving around it. Centuries passed before man recognized the fact that his earth, instead of being the immovable core of all existence, was actually a sphere that revolved around the sun.

It was in 1610 that the Italian astronomer Galileo published a book in which he vividly described the wonders of the heavens as seen through that great new invention, the telescope. The planets were not just spots of light, but were spheres like the earth! Jupiter had belts of color. Venus had phases like the moon. Saturn had a gorgeous ring. And Mars was red!

Naturally enough, people began to wonder about the possibility of life on these other worlds. Some imaginative souls even volunteered descriptions of the inhabitants of the other planets. Jupiter is so big, said one such seer, that the people never see or meet other people. Martians converse by means of thought transference, said another. And the natives of Jupiter are pretty. They do not lie or steal, but they are terrified by their giant horses.

Today modern scientists see much more than Galileo could with his primitive telescope. They see an infinite universe, cold and dark, inconceivably vast, without beginning and without end. Across this cosmic void, trillions of island universes move. In one of these island universes—the one we call the Milky Way—is our sun, a single tiny star among three hundred billion other stars, or suns. Scientists estimate that 30 billion of these suns have captive planets, that is, planets which revolve around them.

illustrations by GORDON LEGG / BILL LAYNE

The earth, the captive planet of our sun, is but a tiny speck in the vastness of the heavens. On this speck exists the delicate creature called man. He is dependent upon a never-ending supply of oxygen. His body must maintain an internal temperature of 98.6 degrees. If prolonged exposure to severe heat or cold upsets this delicate balance by just a few degrees, man dies. Given proper protection, however, he can carry on within a temperature range of about one hundred degrees.

Broad as life's temperature range seems to us, it is nothing compared to the bitter cold and the intense heat that mark the extremes of our solar system. In the center, the sun blazes at ten thousand degrees. A billion miles away from the sun, we find the cold, bleak outer planets—Uranus, Neptune and Pluto—at temperatures of more than 300 degrees below zero.

On Pluto, life as we know it could never exist. Here the distant sun glows but faintly over silent landscapes of frozen gases and lakes of liquid ammonia. Here man would succumb in 15 seconds from complete lack of oxygen, his body freezing solid in a few minutes.

Moving nearer to the sun we find Saturn. In spite of its majestic beauty, the poisonous atmosphere of ammonia and methane gas would be a death trap in which man would perish instantly.

Jupiter, closer to the sun, is still intolerably cold at 200 degrees below freezing. Like the air on Saturn, the atmosphere of Jupiter is poisonous. Here, too, man would suffocate from lack of oxygen, his frail body torn by the dense gases which blow across the surface of the planet in gales up to 400 miles an hour.

These outer planets are far too cold and hostile for life. On the other hand, if man should visit Mercury, the planet closest to the sun, he would find it a small, airless world, with one burning face turned always to the sun. Man's blood would boil in this vacuum and his lifeless body would be incinerated in seconds.

But there is a temperate zone in our solar system favorable to life. In this "Golden Zone" are the orbits

of three planets—Venus, our own Earth and Mars.

There may be life on Venus, but we know very little about our "sister planet." Her mysteries lie shrouded and unfathomed beneath an impenetrable mantle of dense clouds. Her surface is never seen.

Beyond the earth, at the outer fringe of the Golden Zone, is Mars, the third planet in our solar system where life could exist. Even though scientists think conditions on Mars are severe, they believe that if man journeyed there he could survive. He would need some sort of protective covering, as well as his own oxygen supply, but life could be almost normal for him in pressurized houses and pressurized cities.

During the 19th century, Mars was more and more regarded as the planet most likely to harbor life, especially after astronomers thought they saw specks of light appear on the surface of the red planet. Many people believed that these were attempts to signal the earth, and immediately plans were laid to build a gigantic mirror to return the friendly greetings.

In 1880 a man named Percy Gregg wrote a story about an English engineer who built a space ship powered by an anti-gravity device. After landing on the planet Mars, according to this fictional account, the engineer found the people there very much like those on the earth, only smaller.

Seventeen years later, Kurd Lasswitz thrilled the world with his story of a crew of earthmen captured by a magnetic Martian space ship and taken to Mars to be wine and dined on synthetic food.

In a story by Robert Braine called *Messages From Mars*, a sailor marooned on a lonely island off Madagascar discovers a rare and powerful "telescope plant" which he immediately focuses on Mars. The Martians he sees are exactly ten feet tall. They love music, which they inhale through their noses!

As the 20th century dawned, H. G. Wells excited countless imaginations with his approach to life on Mars. In his *War of the Worlds* he describes an inva-

A fleet of six atomic-electric space ships are assembled in space and launched on the trip to Mars.



Each ship has a detachable landing craft designed to carry men and supplies on the final descent to the surface of Mars.



Drag chutes and rocket motors will slow the landing craft as it streaks down into the Martian atmosphere.





Exploration parties can return to the mother ship by blasting off in the tail section of the landing craft.

sion of the earth by octopus-like creatures who are encased in giant fighting machines. With their heat rays and poisonous gases they are quite invincible until they encounter the common germs in our atmosphere. Wells followed his science-fiction story with a more serious discussion. He reasoned that the plants would grow taller and thinner in the weaker gravity of Mars and that insects would probably be larger than those on earth. The Martian animals, he said, would probably be covered with fur or feathers during winter but would lose their coverings with the coming of summer. Wells surmised that the people of Mars would probably walk on their hind legs, with their barrel-chested bodies covered with a coating of down and their ample skulls crammed with intelligence.

For the past half-century, the intriguing possibility of a journey to Mars in a space ship has captured the imagination of many men. Rocket ships of all sizes and

shapes have been designed on drawing boards, but most of them would require an enormous consumption of chemical fuel to escape the pull of the earth's gravity. At the present time an atomic-powered space ship has been suggested. It seems the most likely of all possible means that have so far been advanced for the long-dreamed-of trip to the red planet.

Let us imagine that this atomic-electric space ship has been perfected and is ready for use, and that a fleet of six ships has been assigned to make the trip across space to Mars.

First, parts for the six ships are brought up by conventional chemical-fuel rockets to a space station a thousand miles above the earth. Here they are assembled in the vacuum of space. The ships are 500 feet across and each carries a small landing craft for the final descent to the surface of Mars. Located at the bottom of each ship is a small atomic reactor which furnishes a continuous supply of heat. This heat turns silicon oil into steam, which drives a turbo-generator. The generator produces electricity to run the ship. Thrust is provided by ionized cesium atoms, which are electrically blasted out into space at the rate of billions per second.

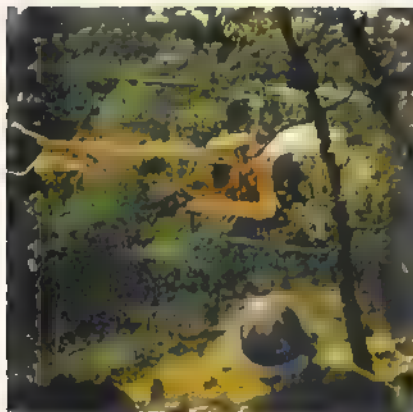
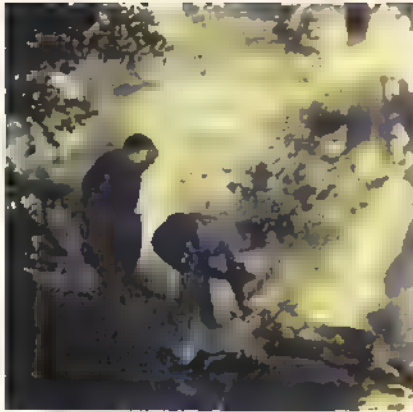
Because the steam involved is condensed in a giant cooler and used over and over again, the space ship can operate continuously for years, whereas the estimated time necessary for the trip to Mars is just over 13 months.

At the top of the ship, away from the dangerous atomic reactor, is cargo space and quarters for a crew of twenty men.

Mounted outside the ship proper is the auxiliary landing craft. When a point some 600 miles from Mars is reached, the landing craft will be released, carrying men and supplies to the surface of the planet. A drag chute will gradually slow it down as it streaks into the Martian atmosphere. A few seconds before touching down, the main rocket motors will be fired and the craft will land gently on its nose. Later the exploration party can return to the mother ship by blasting off in the tail section of the landing craft.

Although scientific evidence seems to indicate that Mars is a cold, desolate world, many scientists today speculate on what the planet may be like if conditions are actually somewhat different than is presently thought. With a little more water and oxygen than expected, there could be an astonishing array of life on Mars—a totally different sequence of living things following its own pattern of evolution. Plant and animal life may exist in strange forms.

No one can actually say that there *is* life on Mars. But scientists confidently predict that at some future date trips will indeed be made and a riddle that has baffled man for centuries will be solved.



Mike Rogers lifted the last of his luggage out of the Forest Service jeep. Then he heard it — a loud whipping noise overhead which would soon become as familiar to him as the other sounds of the forest. He turned his head to the sky, shielding his eyes from the bright summer sun. Then he saw the bright red and yellow helicopter skimming rapidly over the tree-tops.

Mike waved to the whirlybird's pilot, who waved back and circled the ranger station before heading off in the direction of Medicine Mountain.

After being introduced to the rangers at the U. S. Forest Service station, Mike was shown to his quarters, a small but comfortable room looking out on a cool vista of green trees and distant, purple mountains. Mike had come from the city to work through the vacation months as a fire fighter here in the national forest.

The summer was extremely hot and there had been no rain for weeks. The once-green lawn in front of the headquarters building was parched, even with daily watering, and the sign at the gate had been changed to read *Fire Danger Extremely High*.

Miles away, on Medicine Mountain, Johnny Cole, the lookout in the lonely tower at the summit, grew restless as black cumulus clouds moved up over the horizon. A storm was gathering and it looked as if it would be a big one. Johnny knew that any lightning strike in the tinder-dry forest could produce a "smoke," the term used in reporting a forest fire.

Then the storm struck. As Johnny feared, a jagged streak of lightning darted out of the sky into the dark green of the forest. Soon there was another lightning streak, and yet another. A "smoke" appeared, followed by a second one and then a third.

Mike was reading his mail at the ranger station when Johnny's first fire report crackled over the dispatcher's radio. Soon other lookouts from other towers were excitedly

strange birds in the forest

by Don McPherson

illustrated by FRANK ARMITAGE



reporting other strikes as the storm reached its full fury. Many fires were small and were extinguished by the accompanying rain, but several spread too quickly to be checked. Fire fighters were rapidly dispatched by jeep, truck, or on foot to battle the blazes.

In the late afternoon Johnny radioed from the Medicine Mountain lookout that one fire was burning out of control along Deadhorse Creek in an area completely inaccessible except by foot-trail.

Mike and a crew of three others were chosen by Ranger Ashton to go with him on foot into this lonely area. As darkness came on, they set out over the rough trail. It was extremely important that they reach the fire as soon as possible in order to find and clear a suitable place for helicopters bringing men, food and tools to land safely.

The most important aspect of fire-fighting in the forest is the speed with which men and equipment can travel to a fire. When weather conditions and terrain permit, Forest Service men called "Smoke-Jumpers" parachute to fires from planes. But the ruggedness and tricky air currents of the Deadhorse Creek area made this impossible.

The fire had made considerable headway when Ranger Ashton and

his crew finally reached a clearing which would be suitable for a heliport. It was on a ridge near the "smoke." Mike and the others immediately set to work felling small trees and clearing away brush, but without a power saw it was impossible for the crew to fell the huge fir trees that blocked the southeast side of the ridge. The small heliport was therefore accessible from only one side. It would be dangerous to try to land here, where a sudden gust of wind could hurl a helicopter into a tree or mountainside.

But in the first light of early morning Cal Wilson, the helicopter pilot, took off from the ranger station to try the landing on the ridge. It was imperative that fire fighters and a power saw be flown out to the fire area as soon as possible.

As Mike and his fellow fire fighters waited, a ghostly image materialized in the smoke-filled sky. The image gradually became more distinct as it drew near, and the unmistakable sound of the helicopter echoed in the valley below. Cal circled the makeshift heliport, carefully testing the wind, while Mike and Ranger Ashton stretched long strips of yellow crepe paper across the clearing, forming an X which would serve as a landing guide. When Cal finally felt conditions were right, he made a wide

arc and guided his craft toward the clearing. Those watching waited breathlessly.

Suddenly a tremendous blast filled the air with dust. The whirlybird hit the yellow marker, halted abruptly and came to rest at a precarious angle. Cal cut the motor and the huge rotor blades stopped, barely clearing the surrounding trees.

A ranger who was to act as fire boss climbed out of the cab and quickly unstrapped a power saw from the luggage rack. After some brief instructions from the fire boss and a check with the map, Cal started the helicopter engine, again churning up leaves and dust, and suddenly lifted the machine off the ridge.

The helicopter returned again and again with food and men. While traveling between the fire area and headquarters, Cal checked the fire's boundaries for new outbreaks.

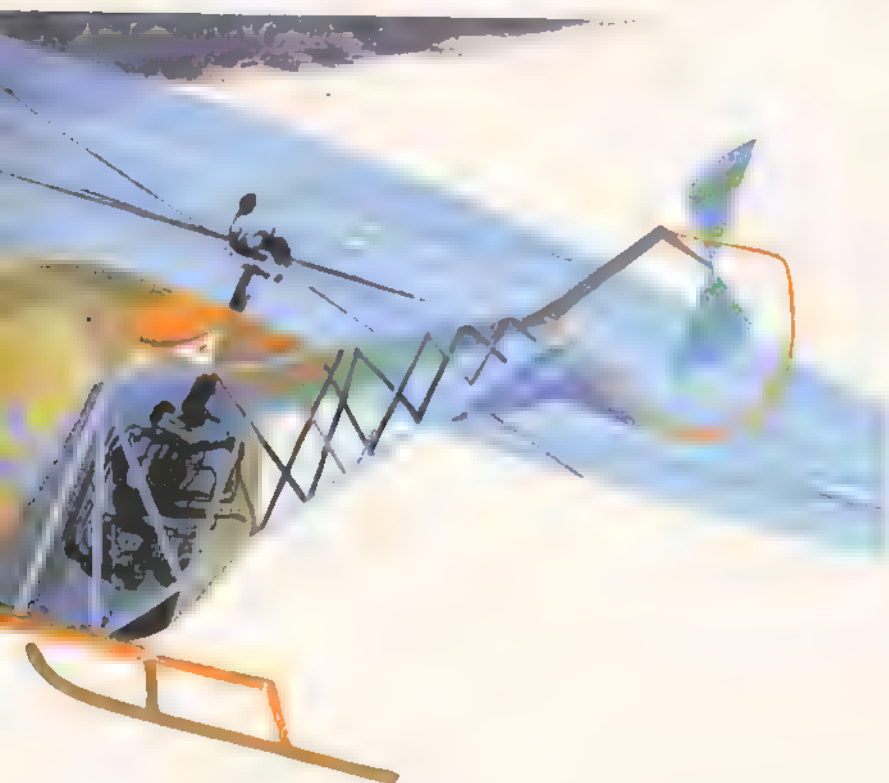
When the Deadhorse Creek fire had been extinguished, after seven days of unrelenting labor, the whirlybird was there to fly the weary fire fighters back to civilization.

Mike anxiously awaited his turn. Finally the fire boss motioned to him to secure his pack to the luggage rack and prepare to leave. The rotor blades whirled as he climbed into place beside the pilot, and then after his safety belt was secured the machine thrust forward at an angle, its tail high in the air. Instead of flying straight up, however, it dropped a considerable distance into the valley before gaining the momentum necessary to clear the next ridge.

As they flew along, Cal explained to Mike the varied jobs of a helicopter pilot in the forest. A pilot, he said, had to be prepared for tasks other than fire-fighting. He had to bring in injured hunters and mountain climbers, count and photograph wild-life, stock fish in remote mountain lakes, and deliver doctors and medicine to sick miners or Indians who live far from a town.

Mike stared admiringly at the pilot. "Your work is pretty important, isn't it," he said.

"Well," Cal grinned. "Put it this way. There are a lot of jobs here in the forest that would be awfully hard without the whirlybird."





Almost everyone likes a good puzzle. On these pages are some rebus-type puzzles. Each one conceals either the name of a state or the name of a city. The outlines of the states are clues to the answers—either the state name or the name of a city within that state.

After you've made your guesses, check the answers which are printed upside down in small type at the bottom of this page to see how well you did. Give yourself 10 points for each correct answer. Of course, if you get 60 points, your score is perfect.

Then see if you can make up some puzzles of your own like these to try out on your friends at a party or the next time you get together. You'll find it's a lot of fun—and your friends will like it, too.

States and cities are just starters. Puzzles can be made using the names of famous people—like authors and movie stars for example—book titles, songs, rivers of the world or almost any subject you can think of. Remember—the longer the name the better the puzzle. Groups of ten puzzles are best for scoring, with 100 points given for a perfect set of answers.



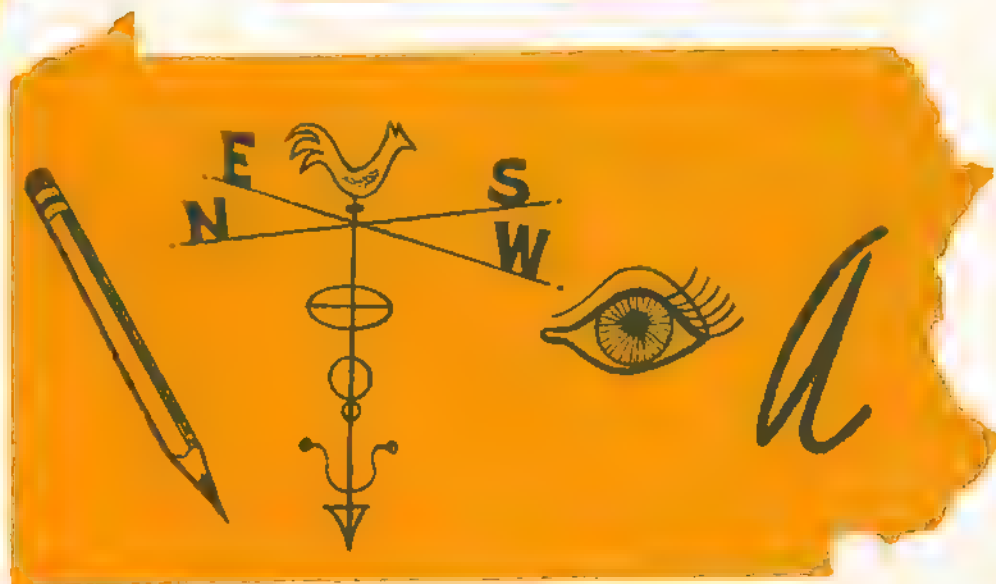
a. Mississippi. b. Washington.
c. Indianapolis. d. Arkansas.
e. Pennsylvania. f. Wichita.



C



D



E



F

illustrated by A. THADDEUS ROARK



Amos was one of a large family of poor church mice who lived in Philadelphia.



Amos found a young printer named Ben Franklin who seemed to need his help.



"Now let's see," said Amos, studying the broken lenses of the spectacles.



Ben warmed himself at the new stove. "Why Amos, this is fine," he called.

AMOS, THE PRACTICAL MOUSE

by Timothy Mouse

In these pages the story of Amos, the Philadelphia Church mouse who was friend, assistant and confidant to a young printer named Ben Franklin, is told by one of his descendants, Timothy Mouse, versatile and talented actor who appeared in the story of Dumbo, the elephant.

—The Editors

We mice have always been level-headed and practical. We have to be, since we're small folk, and there are so many creatures larger than we are who don't understand us. Some people say that if mice were really smart they'd have gotten farther along in the world, and wouldn't have to hide in walls and fields and meadows, but that isn't really a fair criticism. After all, when you have to spend 24 hours out of every day outwitting large creatures like cats, it doesn't leave much time for study and self-improvement. As a notable example of how far a mouse can go when he's given the time—and the protection—he needs, we always point with pride to my distinguished ancestor, Amos.

Amos lived in colonial days. He was one of a large family of poor church mice who made their home in the vestry of the old church on Second Street in Philadelphia. Times were hard then, so when he was a young mouse Amos decided to leave his humble birthplace and seek employment. If he succeeded, perhaps he would be able to help his family. And, being a practical mouse, Amos realized that even if he didn't make his fortune, his absence from home would mean one less mouse to feed.

It was a cold, bleak snowy day when Amos wrapped all his meager possessions into a tiny bundle and trudged off. For hours he walked the streets of Philadelphia, knocking on doors and rapping at windows, looking for a job. But no one seemed to need a mouse. Poor Amos! His resolution weakened and he was about to give up and creep back home in defeat when he saw a shabby little shop on a quiet side street. Over the door was a sign that read: "Benj. Franklin, Printer & Bookbinder."

"It won't hurt to try just once more," thought Amos.

But this time he didn't knock at the door or rap on the window. Instead he found a tiny crack in the wall and crept in through this opening, pausing only to take a precautionary sniff.

M-m-m! How good that shop smelled. Printers ink and old books—and no cats!

But it was cold! The poor little fire smoking on the hearth hardly threw out enough heat to warm the chimney.

Seated at a table in the middle of the shop was a rather plump young man who seemed to be worrying about money matters. At least Amos could see a stack of unpaid bills in front of him. Some were marked "Urgent" and one had "REMIT AT ONCE!" scrawled across it in very large, angry red writing.

"Oh, my," the young man said. And then, "Oh, dear! What-ever shall I do?"

"Do?" said Amos, stamping his feet to warm them and blowing





Amos was a busy mouse. He even helped Ben with the printing.



Ben was pleased with his new newspaper, The Pennsylvania Gazette.



Soon just about everyone in Philadelphia was reading the Gazette.

on his numb hands. "Do? Why put the fire in the middle of the room, of course."

"What? Oh, er, put the fire in the middle of the room?" said the young man. "But that would set the shop on fire!"

"Get something iron to put it in," the practical Amos suggested.

The young man brightened. "Why that's a wonderful idea," he said, and jumped up from his chair. But he jumped too quickly, for there was a tiny crash, followed by the tinkle of falling glass.

"Oh, dear! My spectacles," said the young man. "Now I've broken my street glasses and my reading glasses, too."

"Can't see without 'em, I suppose," remarked Amos.

"No, I can't," said the man. "Things were bad enough already, what with my creditors hounding me and no money coming in. Now I can't see to set type."

As he talked, the young man was burrowing around under a counter, pulling out odd-shaped pieces of iron and fitting them together into a crude, box-like affair.

Amos, meanwhile, examined the two pairs of broken glasses which now lay on the table. "Hm," he mused. "Should be able to do something with these. Now if I cut off this part of the street glasses and fit this half of the lens into the reading glasses, I can just..."

Amos began to hum merrily as he chipped away, fitting half the lens from Ben's street glasses into the top part of the eyeglass frame, and half the lens from the reading glasses into the bottom part.

When he had finished he called to the young printer: "Mr. . . Mr. - er - Franklin, try these and see if they work."

"Call me Ben," said the young man, putting the glasses on.

"My name's Amos," volunteered my ancestor.

"Why Amos," said Ben, "these glasses are fine! I can look through the top half when I want to see across the room and through the bottom half when I want to read. Two pairs of glasses in one! I think we should call them bifocals."

Peering delightedly first through the top, then through the bottom of his new spectacles, Ben finished putting his iron box together. When it was ready, and fitted with a pipe to carry the smoke up the chimney, Ben shoveled the fire from the hearth into the box. Immediately warmth started to spread through the room.

Ben toasted himself in front of the make-shift contraption. "We should make these

things and sell them," he said. "We could call them Franklin stoves."

"Maybe," said Amos, in a down-to-earth way, "but you'll need some money before you can start making stoves. Is this your paper?" He held up a single printed sheet he had found.

"Yes," said Ben proudly. "I call it *Poor Richard's Almanac*."

"Poor indeed," remarked Amos tartly. "Time of sunrise. Time of sunset. Why should people pay good money to read that? When the sun's up, it's up. What you need is a lively paper that tells people what's going on. One with a snappy name like—well, something like *The Pennsylvania Gazette*!"

"Perhaps you're right," said Ben.

"Of course I'm right," snapped Amos. "And I'm just the man—er, mouse—you need to help you. I'll be your reporter and gather news for you. I'll start right now."

Suiting the action to the words, Amos jumped down from his perch on the press, jammed his hat on his head and stalked out the door.

Thus began an association that was to last for years—and one that would be as fruitful as any friendship between man and mouse has ever been.

Amos was an excellent reporter. He was small enough to get into places unobserved, and from various nooks and crannies he looked on and saw many examples of corruption and neglect in the city government. When stories of the inefficiency of the city fire department and the shameful carelessness of the police appeared in Ben's new paper, *The Pennsylvania Gazette*, people began to sit up and take notice of young Franklin. Soon everyone in Philadelphia was reading the *Gazette* and talking about the fearless young publisher. "Franklin's a man to watch," they would say. "He notices what's going on around him, and he does something about it. He'll surely make his mark in the world."

Amos helped Ben in other ways, too. He answered the letters



Amos was riding high on that history-making day when Ben Franklin flew his kite . . . high on the kite, that is!




that began to pour into the little print shop. And he assisted Ben in his electrical experiments. Not many people outside of Amos' own family know this, but on that fateful day when Ben Franklin flew his kite in the midst of a thunder storm, Amos was riding high in the sky on that self-same kite. So it was really Amos who confirmed the fact that lightning and electricity are the same thing.

And Ben was a good friend to Amos, and to the family of church mice in the old church on Second Street. He saw to it that they had everything they needed, including lots of very fine cheese. And, of course, no cat was ever allowed to cross the threshold of the little print shop.

For Ben Franklin was a very clever man, and an intelligent one. He is one of the few humans in all the history of the race who realized the value of a practical mouse!

the legend of the LEMMINGS

by James Algar



The legend of the lemmings is an ancient one and it deals with one of the most fascinating stories in animal lore. According to a tale of long standing, the lemming is the tiny animal of the Arctic wilderness that, for no apparent reason, suddenly rushes into the sea in droves, thereby committing mass suicide.

As with much of mankind's knowledge of animals, mankind's imagination has had a part in this story. Probably it was first told around the camp fires of that distant time we call the Ice Age, and in the telling and re-telling men have added their own interpretations to the things they saw occurring in nature.

Thus the legend of the lemmings is a composite blend of fact and fancy — partly false, but strangely enough, partly true. Indeed, more true than false.

It is questionable if lemmings willfully and consciously bring about their own destruction by "committing mass suicide." And yet there are occurrences in nature so strange that man may well be forgiven for putting his own interpretation on them. And the migration of the lemmings has become one of them.

The lemming is a tiny Arctic rodent, hardly larger than a mouse. You could easily drop one into a tea-cup with room for company. It is related to the mice and wears their same kind of mousey-brown fur, but it lacks the characteristic large ears and long tail of the species. In contrast, the ears of the lemming are tiny and close-set and its tail is almost non-existent. Thus it is a roly-poly, soft bundle of energy that would seem better off in some distant meadow than on the bleak tundra.

But in that energy lies its story. Like all mice, it is constantly nibbling away at whatever food is available. Lemmings eat grass and roots and buds and leaves of

the tiny, stunted plants that grow on the tundra around it. And like the mouse tribe generally, they also produce huge families — not just one, but several within the short span of the Arctic summer. And so, when the Arctic spring rolls around, and the snow vanishes from the barren plain, and it's time to come up from the underground burrows where they've all spent the winter, an amazing horde of furry little creatures will appear, each bringing with it a tremendous appetite.

The feeding begins. And when you have rodents out to pasture by the thousands, and in peak population years by the millions, you soon find the tundra stripped of the species' natural food.

Having nibbled their private pasture lands to the bare earth, they will begin to move to adjacent areas in their search for something more to eat. Perhaps only a few make the move at first. But their action seems to trigger all the others. And soon a kind of follow-the-leader game occurs automatically. There is a readiness to wander found in all lemmings; it's an instinct that is in the blood of these curious little creatures; and so it takes only the tiniest nudging of this wanderlust to set them off.

Once the migration is under way, it grows in size. More and more lemmings fall in behind the leaders. For some reason, all question of "Why" is lost sight of from the very start, and soon, like senseless sheep, the tiny creatures become a frenzied tide of movement, literally a "river of rodents."

In spite of obstacles, they pursue their course. Rocks and ridges are taken in stride. Often they run a gaunt-



illustrated by ART RILEY

let of predators, yet even the jaeger birds, the weasels and the owls cannot stop them. For each one lost, thousands more push ahead. They cross small streams and even swim sizable lakes in their determination to keep moving.

In parts of northern Canada and in the Scandinavian countries, the lemming migration comes to a dramatic climax and it is in their climactic act that man found the origins of the legend. Upon reaching the Arctic shoreline, the little animals rush into the sea. They will even plunge off cliffs into the waters below, then boldly strike out for the horizon.

The explanation of the mystery, if there is any explanation, probably lies in the fact that the lemmings have no way of knowing the ocean is not just another lake. Having crossed previous lakes, they assume this is another. And if it is a lake, then there must be a farther shore. And so they make for that shore, heads held bravely above water, tiny legs churning furiously.

But a short distance from land, their amazing strength and endurance begins to ebb away. The cold water leaves them numbed. Physical stamina wanes, determination falters, and soon the Arctic Ocean is dotted with tiny bobbing bodies that gradually sink from sight.

But Nature, in her infinite wisdom, has spared a few. Back on the tundra there remains the small handful that was not drawn into the vortex of the madness. And so in time new generations will take the place of those that have been lost. Yet when another population cycle occurs, perhaps seven to ten years hence, the strange migration of the lemmings will occur again and will come to its same amazing climax — a final rendezvous with destiny and death.





mickey's mailbox

In the story "The Pink Hat" in the last issue you said that Elsie was just standing between rides, resting, when she saw the lady in the pink hat. In the picture Elsie has a lot of children on her back.

Jamie D.
Louisville, Kentucky

We asked our artist about this and he says that Elsie was standing and resting, and that the children were waiting for the next ride.

—The Editor

I like Walt Disney's Magazine very much. I just subscribed and the August magazine was the first one I got. The stories are good and the pictures are nice, too. I have an idea for the magazine that would make it better. Why not have paper dolls of the Mouseketeers and clothes and costumes for them?

Linda H.
Brooklyn, New York

We considered having paper dolls in the magazine, but decided against it, at least for the time being. You see, most of the boys and girls who subscribe don't like to cut up their copies. They like to save them. For this reason, we do not wish to include things that should be cut out of the book—like paper dolls.

—The Editor

Tommy Kirk, who plays Joe Hardy in "The Hardy Boys," is a very good actor. How old is Tommy? Where does he live? Does he have any brothers and sisters?

Jeannette D.
San Francisco, Calif.

Tommy, who will be 16 in December, lives with his parents and his brothers Joe, Andrew and John, in Pacoima, California. His ambition is to be a good actor. We think you'll enjoy seeing him

in the feature "Old Yeller," which will be released soon.

—The Editor

I like the cat poems by Dick Huemer in the August issue of the magazine. I have a cat called Pepper and I wrote a poem about her. You can print it if you want to.

Melinda P.
Dobbs Ferry, New York

We enjoyed Melinda's poem, and we think you will, too. Here it is:

—The Editor

Pepper is a cut-up.
Pepper is a tease.
But she's a pretty kitten,
And she never fails to please.

Our whole family enjoyed Dick Huemer's "Wholly Cats," especially the verse about the Motherly Type. We are the proud and very harrassed owners of a motherly type cat, and after two years of trying to find good homes for all her kittens we're about ready to give up and trade our Bess in on a Playful Prunella or a Lorenzo the Magnificent.

Mrs. James L.
Chicago, Illinois

Was Johnny Appleseed a real person or was he made up like Paul Bunyan?

Kevin McC.
St. Louis, Missouri

John Chapman, or Johnny Appleseed, was a real person. He was born at the same time his country was born — around 1776 — and he went out west early in the 1800's to plant apple trees for the settlers and to read to them from the big Bible he always carried.

—The Editor

How can I get to be a Mouseketeer? Someone told me that if I send a letter

and my picture to Jimmie Dodd he will let me know when the national Talent Roundup will be in St. Louis, so I can try out for the Mouseketeers. Is this true?

Miriam B.
St. Louis, Missouri

Of course, all the Mouseketeers who are needed for the 1957-58 season have been chosen. We understand that future plans have not been set yet. If there is a National Talent Roundup, it will be announced in your local newspapers.

—The Editors



Jimmie
Dodd
Says...

There is a proverb that says, "Beauty is in the eye of the beholder." This means that if you have an eye for beauty, you will see it, because beautiful things are all around you. Of course, there is the beauty of nature, the flowers and the sky and trees. And there is also a lot of beauty right inside your own home. Maybe your dad is just an ordinary guy, but just look at him sometime when he's proud of you. Suddenly, he's handsome. Maybe your mother isn't a movie star, but when she says goodnight to you with love in her eyes, she is beautiful. You don't need sharp eyes to recognize beauty when you see it, but you do need love and understanding and a willing heart. So always remember; "Beauty is in the eye of the beholder!"

Oh, boy...I sure hope you get
Mouseketeer skates for Christmas!

And gee...what fun
you'd have with **Mickey Mouse**
skates right now!



"Hey! Thousands of kids are
having the fastest, safest
fun on wheels! Ask for
your own pair now!"

Mickey



Mickey Mouse
roller skates
for beginners

Mouseketeer
roller skates for bigger kids
(Ball Bearings)

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